ORIGIN™

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PART V OF VI

REVELATION

JENKINS KUBERT ISANOVE

"TYGER! TYGER! BURNING BRIGHT
IN THE FORESTS OF THE NIGHT,
WHAT IMMORTAL HAND OR EYE
COULD FRAME THY FEARFUL SYMMETRY?

CRISH

"IN WHAT DISTANT DEEPS OR SKIES
BURNT THE FIRE OF THINE EYES?

"ON WHAT WINGS DARE HE ASPIRE?
WHAT THE HAND DARE SEIZE THE FIRE?

CROOSH

KRIK

"AND WHAT SHOULDER, AND WHAT ART,
COULD TWIST THE SINEWS OF THY HEART,
AND WHEN THY HEART BEGAN TO BEAT...

"...WHAT DREAD HAND?
AND WHAT DREAD FEET?"

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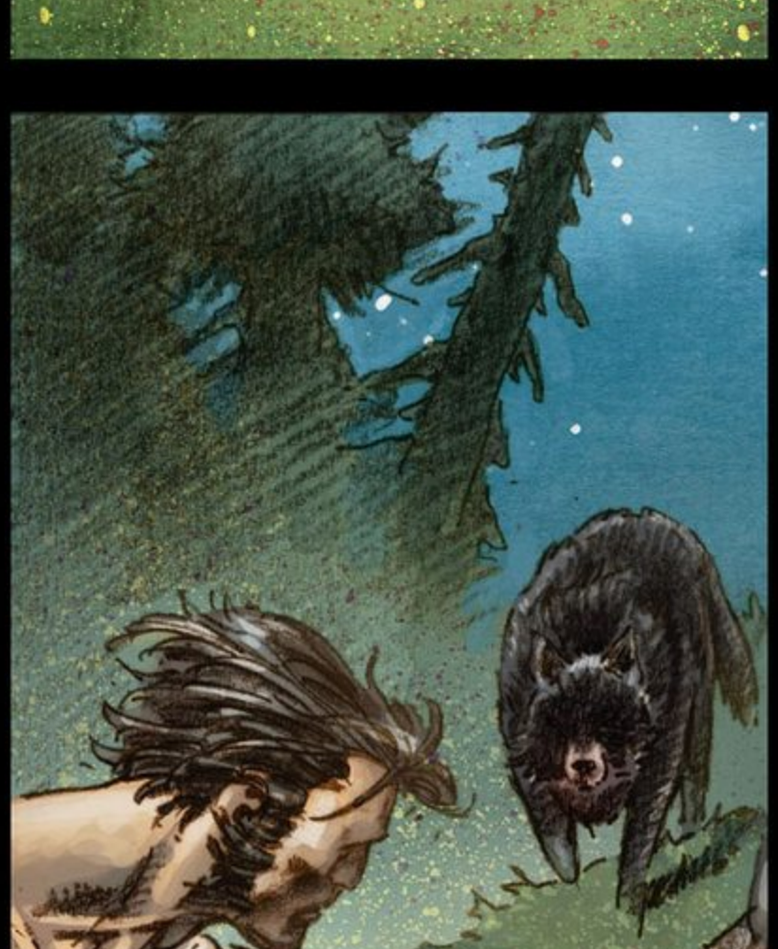
WHAT THE HAMMER? WHAT THE CHAIN? IN WHAT FURNACE WAS THY BRAIN?

"WHAT THE ANVIL? WHAT DREAD GRASP...

"...DARE ITS DEADLY TERRORS CLASP?"

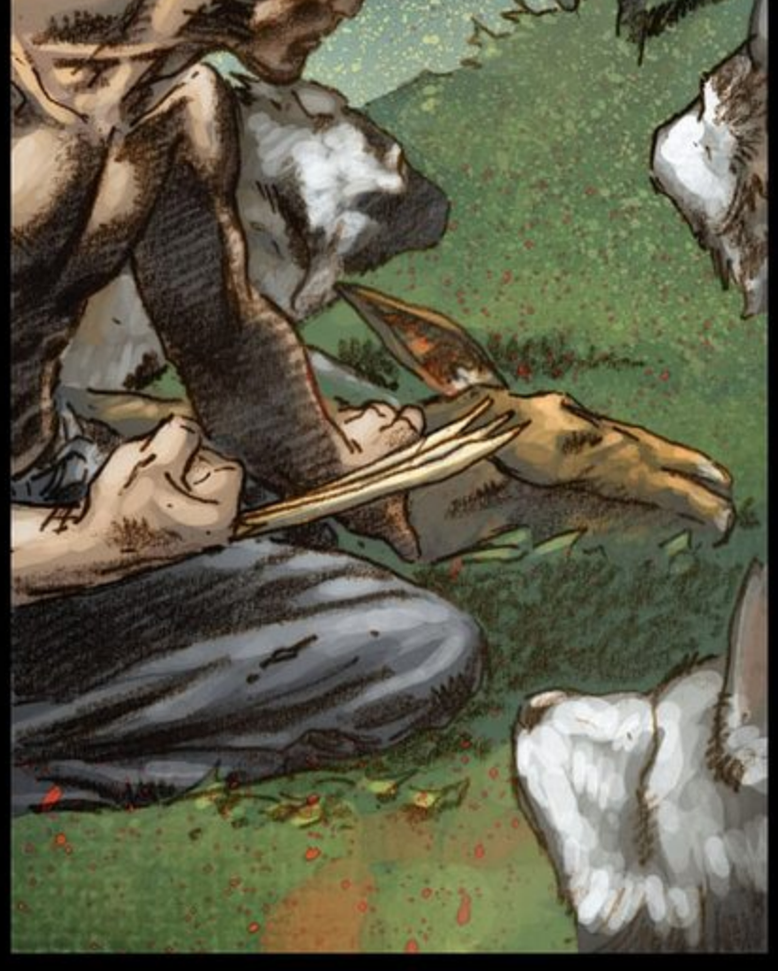
WHEN THE STARS THREW DOWN THEIR SPEARS, AND WATER'D HEAVEN WITH THEIR TEARS, DID HE SMILE HIS WORK TO SEE?

"DID HE WHO MADE THE LAMB MAKE THEE?"



TYGER! TYGER! BURNING BRIGHT, IN THE FORESTS OF THE NIGHT, WHAT IMMORTAL HAND OR EYE...

"... DARE FRAME THY FEARFUL SYMMETRY?"



Oh, IT'S A BEAUTIFUL POEM, SMITTY .. IT MAKES ME THINK OF LOGAN. WHERE'D IT *COME* FROM?

IT'S BY AN OLD ENGLISH POET NAMED WILLIAM BLAKE .. I PICKED IT UP ON MY TRAVELS, BACK WHEN I WAS A SAILOR.

WE WAS DOCKED AT SOUTHAMPTON AT THE TIME. ME AN' SOME LADS WENT UP T' LONDON FER A DAY, AND I FOUND THAT BOOK IN AN OLD CURIO SHOP OFF FLEET STREET.

THAT SOUNDS AWFULLY *EXCITING,* SMITTY.

HERE ..

THANKS.

BAM

AHEM... HELLO, LAD.

ME AN' YOUR COUSIN WERE JUST VISITIN' FOR A WHILE TILL YOU CAME BY.

SHIFT FOREMAN TELLS ME YOUR CREW FINISHED OVER *QUOTA* AGAIN. I WANTED TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT THAT ..

SO *TALK.*

LOGAN, MISTER SMITH'S BEEN KIND ENOUGH TO BRING BY SOME BOOKS HE PICKED UP FROM HIS DAYS AT SEA. ISN'T THAT KIND OF HIM?

AYE, WELL, LOOK... I *REALLY* CAME BY T' SEE *YOU,* LAD. CLEAN YOURSELF UP AN' GET SOME REST TONIGHT.

I'LL WANT YOU TO TAKE THE MORNIN' OFF TOMORROW AN' COME MEET ME UP ON THE HILL, BY THE NEW SEAM.

WHAT *FOR?*

I GOT A *JOB* FOR YOU.

UP YOU COME, LAD. I GOT A LITTLE SURPRISE FER YOU ..

I TAKE IT YOU HEARD ABOUT RODDY FINNEGAN? BLEW HIS BLEEDIN' *FINGERS* OFF LAST WEEK, THE DAFT OLD SOD.

SINCE HE'S GONE BLIND, I'LL NEED TO TRAIN SOMEONE WITH MORE THAN TWO OUNCES OF SENSE TO WORK THE DYNAMITE. I FIGURED IT'D BE ***YOU,*** IF YOU SHAPE UP.

IT AIN'T TOO HARD, BUT MOST OF MY LADS AIN'T GOT ENOUGH SMARTS TO BE CAREFUL ENOUGH. IT'S A HIGHLY MISUNDERSTOOD EXPLOSIVE, IS DYNAMITE.

SEE? YOU PLACE IT LIKE THIS .. FUSE UP, IF YOU CAN. YOU FIND A SEAM AND THE BLAST LETS THE WEIGHT DO THE REST.

OKAY... I GOT IT. HOW LONG'RE THE *FUSES?*

EXACTLY ONE MINUTE!

OH, GOD.

C'MON, LAD .. HURRY!

Ah... Ehh... =HUFF=

YAAH!

BABOOM

Ah-HUHH... Hehh... THERE YOU GO, YOUNG LOGAN.

ANY QUESTIONS?

HAHAHAHAHA!

HAW! TWO PAIR!

AGAIN? THERE AIN'T NO ONE COULD BE THAT LUCKY ..

WHAT, YOU TRYIN' TO SAY I'M CHEATIN', COOKIE? I'LL HAVE YOUR GUTS FOR GARTERS!

I DIDN'T MEAN IT, FRED .. YOU KNOW THAT. I WAS JUST SAYIN' ..

YEAH? WELL, YOU BETTER UN-SAY IT.

HEY, AIN'T THAT THE LOGAN KID WITH SMITTY?

TELL YOU WHAT, COOKIE .. THAT KID TURNED OUT TO BE ALL RIGHT. A HARD WORKER, THAT ONE IS. BEST I EVER SEEN WITH A SHOVEL.

HE'S A DIGGER, ALL RIGHT. HE'S LIKE... YOU EVER SEEN ONE OF THEM WOLVERINES GOIN' AFTER A ROOT? THEY NEVER GIVE UP TILL THEY GOT IT.

THAT'S WHAT THAT KID IS .. HE'S A WOLVERINE.

WHAT, *THAT* LITTLE SHRIMP? HE'S A WASTE OF SKIN .. I'D SNAP HIM LIKE A BLOOMIN' TWIG!

IS THAT SO? WELL, THAT BOY'S WORTH *TEN* OF YOU, YOU FAT TOSS-POT!

THAT'S A FACT. I SEE YOU MOPIN' AROUND THE COOKHOUSE FER HOURS ON END, COOKIE, BUT WHEN WAS THE LAST TIME ANYONE SAW YOU PULL YOUR *WEIGHT* AROUND HERE?

HE *CAN'T* PULL HIS WEIGHT .. HE'S TOO BLOODY *HEAVY.*

STEADY ON, BOYS ..

AW, HE AIN'T WORTH IT, BERT. LET'S GO CATCH UP WITH THEM TWO, *eh?*

Logan's become a new man, make no mistake! Not just in name, but also in nature.

He seems so at ease here in the camp, it's a wonder we didn't find our way here sooner. I often fancy he remembers nothing of the terrible events that preceded our arrival here.

These people are his family now. Some of the boys have nicknamed him "little Smitty."

HAW! THAT'S BLEEDIN' PERFECT! SAY IT AGAIN, KID!

HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA

I'm so proud of my "cousin" .. all the men speak so highly of him! If only they knew where he once came from.

He's become such a fine steady young man.

A leader by example .. so much like his dear father.

But there's a side of him that remains a mystery. For days, he'll lose himself on the mountain. I never inquire, but I'm certain I know where he goes.

He goes to be with his other self -- the piece of him he's kept hidden since that last night on the Howlett estate.

There's a dreadful creature inside that boy, just waiting to show its face to the world.

PENNY FOR YOUR THOUGHTS, YOUNG LOGAN --

HMMM? Oh... IT'S NOTHIN' IMPORTANT, SMITTY, I WAS JUST *THINKIN'*.

HAW! HE'S PROBABLY THINKIN' ABOUT OL' COOKIE -- THEM TWO'S *BEST PALS!*

YEAH! THEY'RE IN LOVE! *RIGHT*, COOKIE?

WELL, WHERE'D HE GO?

DANGER EXPLOSIVES

DANGER! DYNAMITE

NO SMOKING

DYNAMITE

DYNAMITE

DYNAMITE

YOU LITTLE RUNT .. YOU COME HERE OUT OF THE BLUE BLOODY SKY AN' STEAL AWAY MY MATES.

SO, SMITTY SAYS YOU'RE GONNA HANDLE ALL THE *CHARGES* FROM NOW ON, ARE YOU? WELL, LET'S SEE YOU HANDLE *THIS* ..

SNIP

KRAKOOM

THERE, SEE? IF YOU LOOK AT THE BOTTOM LINE ON THE LEDGER, IT SAYS WE'RE TURNIN' A BETTER PROFIT NOW THAN AT ANY TIME SINCE YOU TOOK OVER.

I'LL TELL YOU SOMETHIN', LASS .. YOU BEEN NOTHIN' BUT A GODSEND TO THIS QUARRY. THAT'S THE BEST NEWS I HAD ALL *YEAR* ..

WHY, THANK YOU, GOOD SIR! Hehh...

SMITTY! SMITTY!

Tch. HONEST TO GOD, NOBBY, YOU OLD WASHER-WOMAN. WHAT IS IT *THIS* TIME?

UP AT THE ROCK FACE! THERE'S BEEN A *CAVE-IN!*

YOU! HELP ME WITH THIS BEAM!

SOMEONE SEND ONE OF THE BARROW LADS DOWN INTO THE TOWN FOR A DOCTOR, AND BE *SHARP* ABOUT IT!

THIS IS SUPPOSED TO BE *YOUR* WATCH, TOM. WHAT THE DEVIL HAPPENED?

THEY WENT IN WITH DYNAMITE AN' IT WENT OFF BEFORE WE COULD *CLEAR*. POOR BLIGHTERS NEVER STOOD A CHANCE ..

THIS IS A RIGHT TERRIBLE TRAGEDY, SMITTY. CAN I HELP?

YOU CAN GRAB A SHOVEL AN' START DIGGIN', COOKIE .. I NEED A SECOND TUNNEL IN FROM THE SIDE!

FRED .. LOGAN'S IN THERE. IS THERE ANY WAY...

...I MEAN...

IT DON'T LOOK SO *GOOD*, ROSE.

SSSSSSSHHHH KOOM

SMITTY! YOU GOTTA COME BACK DOWN FER A WHILE! TAKE A REST! YOU AIN'T GONNA BE NO GOOD TO ***ANYONE*** SOAKED HALF' T' DEATH OUT HERE!

YOU SEE THEM OVER THERE? THAT'S FIVE GOOD MEN I LOST TODAY, AN' I AIN'T STOPPIN' TILL I FIND THE REST WHO'S ***MISSIN'***. I GOT A ***PROMISE*** TO KEEP..

C'MON, SMITTY .. THIS IS BLOODY USELESS, AN' YOU ***KNOW*** IT. SOON AS THAT SEAM WENT, THEM POOR BUGGERS WERE GONERS ..

NO! I AIN'T LOSIN' ANY MORE OF MY MEN, YOU ***HEAR*** ME?

YOU ALREADY ***LOST*** 'EM, SMITTY!

C'MON, BOSS .. YOU CAN'T DO NO MORE TONIGHT ..

HEY! OVER HERE!

WE HEARD A NOISE UNDER THAT BARROW .. IT SOUNDED LIKE A VOICE, OR SOMETHIN'. IT MIGHT BE AN *ANIMAL* ..

WELL, DON'T JUST STAND THERE SQUAWKIN'! GET IT *UP!*

WELL, I'LL *BE* ..!

HRRF

...DAMNDEST THING I EVER SAW. YOU DON'T NEED *ME* TO TELL YOU THAT WAS SOME KIND O' *MIRACLE* OUT THERE LAST NIGHT, LOGAN.

MATTHEW FOWLER'S WIFE LOST HER HUSBAND IN THE SLIDE. SHE WANTED ME TO THANK YOU THAT SHE DIDN'T LOSE HER *SON,* AS WELL.

HERE YOU GO, LAD... THIS IS FOR YOU ..

WHAT IS IT?

MORE OF THEM OLD BOOKS OF MINE .. SOMETHIN' TO PASS THE TIME WHILE YOU MEND UP. I BROUGHT THIS ONE BACK FROM NAGASAKI, JAPAN.

IT'S A MANUSCRIPT ABOUT *SAMURAI* FIGHTERS FROM THE OLD DAYS. I'LL TELL YOU... THEM LITTLE JAPANESE SCOUNDRELS ARE PRETTY SWIFT .. I SEEN ONE OF 'EM BRING DOWN A TREE TRUNK WITH HIS BARE FISTS.

MATTER OF FACT, I LEARNED A LOT FROM THEM... ABOUT THE WORLD AN' ABOUT LIFE. IT'S A STRONG PERSON WHO FOLLOWS HIS OWN PATH, THEY SAY. I SEE THAT STRENGTH IN *YOU,* LOGAN.

YOU SHOULD HAVE *DIED* LAST NIGHT. I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU SAVED THAT BOY, AN' I AIN'T GONNA *PRY,* BUT WHATEVER IT *IS* ABOUT YOU, SON, YOU NEED T' KNOW IT DON'T MAKE NO DIFFERENCE TO ME ONE WAY OR THE OTHER, UNDERSTAND?

ANYWAY, I GOTTA GET BACK T' THE QUARRY.

MISS ROSE .. CAN I ASK YOU TO WALK WITH ME FOR A FEW MINUTES?

天下無

HMMF
WELL, WHAT'S THIS THEN .. *SILVER,* IS IT?

FIND ANYTHIN' YOU *LIKE,* BUB?

YOU'RE A *MONSTER,* COOKIE. FIVE MEN ARE DEAD, AN' WHILE EVERYONE'S DOWN AT THE FUNERALS, YOU'RE DIGGIN' THROUGH THEIR LIFELONG POSSESSIONS FER SCRAPS ..

JUST BREATHE A WORD OF THIS, KNUCKLEHEAD, AN' YOU'LL BE THE *NEXT* FUNERAL.

THERE AIN'T NO ONE GONNA BELIEVE YOUR WORD OVER *MINE.* I'LL SHUT YOUR MOUTH FER GOOD ..

.. HH. UHH!

AAH!

CRUNCH

WHAM

UHWF..!

Ehh... OKAY, OKAY... I *GIVE!* I'LL 'FESS UP .. I PROMISE!

YOU'RE FINISHED HERE, YOU FAT TUB O'DIRT. YOU MARK ME WELL, 'CAUSE I NEVER BEEN SO SERIOUS .. I SEE YOUR UGLY FACE IN MINE EVER AGAIN, YOU'RE A *DEAD* MAN!

Uhh... HUFF

ROSE! I GOTTA TALK TO YOU! YOU'LL NEVER GUESS WHAT HAPPENED!

ROSE? YOU *IN* THERE?

Ohh... ƎHHƎ...

Oh, ROSE... oh, JESUS...

NO!

GRRRR

SHUKK

HH. AHH!

WHAM

ARRH!

YIPE

...Hhh... UHH...

WHINE

I'VE MADE A TERRIBLE *MISTAKE.*

I SHOULD HAVE NEVER LET HIM GO. Hrrm... I'VE ALLOWED MYSELF TO BE BLINDED BY THE FEAR OF WHAT HAPPENED TO HIS *BROTHER* ..

kaff kaff kkff

ALL I KNOW... IS THAT HE AND THE IRISH GIRL PURCHASED A TRAIN TICKET TO BRITISH COLUMBIA...

Uhm... THE POLICE WERE SUPPOSED TO HAVE KEPT RECORDS... AS I ASKED...

PLEASE... THERE'S NOT MUCH TIME. MY BODY IS GONE... AND MY MIND WILL SOON FOLLOW.

I BEG YOU WITH ALL MY HEART... UNDO MY FOOLISH MISTAKE.

WILL YOU FIND HIM? WILL YOU PROMISE TO FIND MY GRANDSON, JAMES?

I PROMISE, SIR. I'LL HUNT HIM TO THE ENDS OF THE EARTH,

LIKE A *DOG.*

ZONE